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President and General Manager.....Dwight B. Heard
Business Manager.....Charles A. Stauffer
Assistant Business Manager.....W. W. Knorrpp
Editor.....J. W. Spear
News Editor.....E. A. Young

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1919

Man is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this—one dog does not exchange bones with another.

—Adam Smith.

An Extra Session

There need be no hurry about an extraordinary session of the legislature. If called it would be called for a single purpose, the ratification of the national suffrage amendment, that the women of the now non-suffrage states may vote at the presidential election next year. Governor Campbell has stated that if ratification by the Arizona legislature is necessary or if ratification by our legislature could make the amendment effective, an extra session will be called.

That may be either unnecessary or futile. It may happen that by next spring, enough states will have ratified the amendment, or it may have developed that such an insufficient number has ratified it, that ratification by our legislature would do no good. If our help is necessary and will be effective, it can be rendered next winter or spring or in the early summer or midsummer. We may save money by waiting.

One of the members, Mrs. Hayward of Cochise has written the governor saying that she would be willing to attend the session for purposes of ratification and pay her own expenses. Perhaps enough other members at least to constitute a quorum would do so. The state however would be unwilling to accept this gratuitous service but would allow the customary mileage and per diem. But the per diem would not amount to much for the business of ratification should be accomplished in two or three days perhaps, as a record breaker, in one. We could dispense with the Pratorian guard of clerks. It would not take the usual standing army, to enroll and engross a simple resolution, and another army, for two or three months after that to compile and index that resolution and otherwise prepare it for the printer. The extra session would be a short horse, soon curried.

An Incomplete Comparison

In discussions of the high cost of living we generally have to listen to a comparison of the present prices of commodities with the prices in 1915 or some previous period, so that we learn that prices have advanced since then about 100 per cent. We are told at the same time that the supply of these commodities is as great now and, in many cases, greater than they were in 1915 and that, therefore, there is no reason why prices should be higher.

Such comparisons are misleading in that they purport to be comparisons of all the factors which entered into prices four years ago with those which enter into prices now. If we go farther, beyond the commodities which furnish us food, clothing, and shelter we find that there has been the same price advance. Everything is higher, things which are beyond the reach of possible manipulation by profiteers. Land is higher, horses are higher and everything is higher except money, which is now the cheapest thing there is. No account is taken in these comparisons of the value of money in 1915.

All of us have heard since we can remember, old men speak of the value of the dollar before the civil war; the wheat or the oats of the sugar or the meat that could be bought with the ante-war dollar. The farmer who was worth \$10,000 then was accounted a rich man in his community. And then \$10,000 was a considerable sum. It was not so much of a sum a few years later during the civil war and for some time thereafter when many of the necessities of life which had been so cheap, became so dear, though they were as plentiful as ever.

Later, prices went down, struck bottom. Wheat which in the early '70s had sold at \$2 a bushel fell as low as 50 cents. Everything fell in a like ratio. Money had become much dearer than it was during the war period.

There are many of us who have no easier access to the cheap money of today than we had to the dearer money of yesterday and there are some of us who had more money than anything else when it was dearer. We of the two classes are those who chiefly feel the pinch of H. C. L.; to us it seems that things are going up. Our illusion is the opposite of that of the balloonist to whom it seems the earth is falling away from him.

When after the civil war there was demonetization and the volume of currency began to be reduced those who had money or mortgages had their savings. It was then we first heard that "the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer." The man who had a fixed income or wage that did not yield shared in the prosperity just as the holders of capital, bonds and mortgages will share when things settle down again.

This accounts in a large measure for our apparent high prices, but does not fully account for it. In such changes the profiteer finds a fertile field. He can work amid the confusion without much danger of detection. It is hard to say how much of the advance in prices is due to natural conditions and how much to his manipulations. He was a potent figure in the civil war period when the foundations of many of our great fortunes were laid. We suspect that his operations then were pitiful, though, in comparison with those of the profiteers of the present day and of the last two years.

The first thing to be done in attacking the high cost of living is to find out what part of it has been built up by manipulation, to unearth the manipulators and punish them not by fines but by imprisonment.

This treatment must be accorded all of them, the hoarders of all necessary commodities, greedy manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers—all who are engaged in getting while the getting is good.

The Price of Cement

We are pleased to observe a tendency on the part of the cement manufacturers to come down out of the tree as was shown in the bids for materials to be used on the state highway.

Cement at the reduced prices is still too high for our county program, so that the arguments in favor of its local manufacture still remain. We suppose the bid of the San Antonio concern is as reasonable as we could expect. It is the freight that stands as the barrier, which though might be removed in part by securing from the government a special rate on materials for road building purposes.

But even then not a near approach could be made to the price of locally manufactured cement, or even to the price which has been agreed upon by the state government and manufacturers of Kansas, of \$2.10 a barrel.

It is therefore, urgent that what is to be done in the matter of local cement be done as quickly as possible. The people are waiting for it. They have their minds fixed upon concrete as the only permanent, durable construction. Wherever a farmer speaks of the coming roads in our county program he speaks not of "permanent roads" or "good roads" but of "concrete roads." That is the kind he wants and though he wants good roads as quickly as possible, he is willing to possess his soul in patience for a reasonable time until he can have his "concrete road." But he will not have much patience with anyone who imposes an unreasonable delay in the business of securing them.

The Laird of Skibo

Just what Mr. Carnegie meant when he said it was a "disgrace for a man to die rich" has never been quite understood. That was probably uttered as a pleasantry in relation to the great benefactions he was then outpouring, but there was undoubtedly a deep and serious meaning.

It would seem a piece of folly for one to spend his lifetime and so great talent and energy as Mr. Carnegie possessed, in piling up a huge fortune far beyond his needs, to be turned over at his death without instructions for its disposition, to an administrator or trustees.

The squirrel amasses a winter store sufficient for his needs through the winter. He would be a foolish squirrel that would pile up a store extravagantly in excess of his winter needs, knowing that the next summer would bring him another opportunity to provide for the needs of the following winter.

Mr. Carnegie evidently regarded himself only as the trustee of the great wealth that came into his possession. It was not his to enjoy but to dispense, with the same wisdom and skill that had enabled him to accumulate it. And that it has been wisely and beneficially dispensed, we do not think any one can successfully dispute.

He has passed on no great family fortune to be dissipated, or to be added to and held selfishly by descendants. It has practically all been returned to the public in such a form that it will accomplish the highest good, much more good than if it had never been collected.

The methods by which it has been collected have been questioned and we may admit that a system is not quite ideal under which it is given to one man to become so great an almoner. But it is the only system we have, and we believe that the Laird of Skibo made the best possible use of it—the use that will produce benefits to the greatest number for the longest period of time.

What Mr. Carnegie no doubt meant when he said that it was a disgrace for one to die rich, was that it was a disgrace for one when living not to provide that his fortune should be put to the best possible use. Following that meaning, it may be said that it is a disgrace for one to be rich, to acquire riches for the mere sake of possession.

DEMOCRATIZE OUR FOOD SUPPLY!

Autocrats who rule without publicity or responsibility are getting unpopular. That is one thing that makes the whole world mistrust and hate the food barons. The food combine may be benevolent. It may have drawn all its branches to itself by magnetic attraction. Its hired spokesmen tell us only microscopic profits are made. We all know that great size makes for economy.

Yet we cannot but doubt as we see prices rising higher and higher in direct proportion to the disappearance of competitors. We wonder if it is consistent with democracy to have almost a thousand kinds of food controlled by a single small group. These few firms may be divinely commissioned to feed the world—for a small profit. But the world is having doubts.

The world remembers that all tyrants talked the same. They always wept about the heavy burdens and small profits of ruling. But few died and fewer resigned. Courtiers were ever profuse with tales of benefits conferred upon subjects. Yet subjects grew uneasy.

The food barons, like all their forebears, do protest overmuch. They are so anxious to hang on to their privileges and power that one grows suspicious as to the small profits accruing. Their congressional representatives (and since we do not have a bolshevist government there are many who ask why the dictators of our food soviet should be so well represented in congress) are overly anxious to prevent investigation or regulation. Why should congressmen become special pleaders for private interests against the public good?

Food inspection was once fought with the same arguments. Publicity revealed and inspection removed almost unbelievable filth, in plants operated by these same people. Perhaps another investigation would discover great heaps of profits concealed in hidden corners of ledgers and financial statements. There are those who declare they have already glimpsed such things.

At any rate democracy would like to see what is there. It certainly is as much a part of democracy to manage our food supply as our postage stamps, even if it is not done in the same way. Not that democracy never makes mistakes. But autocracy has also made so many that the world has grown tired of it in field after field. Moreover the mistakes of democracy are a part of the education of the people, for which the whole people pay. They also pay for the mistakes of autocracy, but they do not profit by them.

The masses, pressed by prices that withhold food from their mouths are going to have something to do with the processes by which that food gets to their mouths. The mighty unrest of today springs primarily from the fact that living constantly lifts just beyond income. Yet there is one class exempt from this rule. The profit-born income of the food baron rises faster than prices.

When profits and power are vested in an insolent autocracy and the people are pressed for food the material is ready for a social explosion. Not all the causes of the high cost of living are found here. But here is a cause aptly suited to rouse public anger and disorder.

The first step in meeting the food problem is to democratize the control of the food supply.

"Self-determination for little peoples" received its honorable discharge at the close of hostilities.

Our chief objection to this war game is that those who start it are excused from the fighting.

The Romances of a Summer Girl

by Zoe Beckley

(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

Lively Beach again. Tuesday.

My darling Joan:
Well, I guess it's all over but the shouting. The gods of high Olympus, who amuse themselves with the antics of mere human men and women are doing the shouting.

You see by the date line that I'm back at the beach. I motored here with Jim Ross. But not until something happened that turned my heart to lead. It was this way:

I went down to the little camp where, as the humble but necessary stenographer, made it possible for him to do it in time. I wanted to gather up some papers and small belongings I had left there. Besides, it was quiet, and I wanted to be alone and think. I knew he would not be back from town till late. And what Jim Ross said about Eric not caring "except as the novelist for his indispensable secretary" was tormenting me beyond words.

Not that I have permitted myself to dwell upon serious possibilities. But Joan, there is a time in the course of friendship between man and woman when, given the vital response, the emotion can become love.

Love begets love. One loves, as one answers a call, all else being right. Yet in my deepest soul I suppose there had been a feeling that he cared. Yet I never was sure. I could never tell whether his tender manner was for me alone or was his way toward all women he liked and respected. There were moments, Joan—Oh, well, what is the use of my writing it all now!

Suffice it to say that with my papers I accidentally gathered up a notebook which I thought at first mine. I opened it and my eye fell on the pencilled memorandum.

"Types. Girl at F's office. Thin, dark, wiry. Foreign perhaps. Devoiced with ambition to get on financially. Shrewd, selfish. Temperamental rather than pretty. Use in story for Walker's Magazine. The Purple Flame." Get conversation next time at F's.

"Mrs. Warnock Good type of salaried. Heartless. Hungry for amusement and conquest. Intrigue. Insert the talk with her in conservatory at L's ball. Intellectual and social sponge. Cares for nothing but affairs de coeur. Episode with L as basis of story."

"Miss Varick. The unusual, genuine girl. Intelligence and beauty. Charm for some. Honest. Type of girl who knows value and determines to play it up to advantage. Use conversation on north and boat. L. B. hotel. Tpl-sides, etc."

There were others—"types" he had noted for future use in his novel-writing—but I hadn't time to read them. So that is the whole story! Jimmy Ross is right. There was nothing more than the casual interest of a writer in



"I opened it and my eye fell on the pencilled memorandum."

a girl who would sometime do to use in a story. I am merely a "type."

I went through by hand quarter-hour. Joanie. And then I got up, shook the kinks and wrinkles out of myself as best I could, made a bluff at laughing, collected by belongings and went back to the inn with a smile on my face—and hell in my heart.

Yet truly I cannot reproach Captain Wallis in the slightest way. He is a writer before everything else. He is probably not the marrying kind. Not a woman's "man." Certainly he paid small attention to the females at the "L. B. Hotel." I got the lion's share. Jimmie Ross is rather a dear lad in many ways. I can never feel indifferent or lacking in gratitude for the way he has helped me through this trying episode. But I am still tired and "down" in soul.

Devotedly,

Dorothy.

P. S.—A special delivery letter has just come from Captain Wallis, containing the fat little check for my past week's work, and many other things—words, Joanie, that set me all at sea again.

Confessions of a Bride

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I Realize We Are Spared Bomb Because of Chyd Wedding—We Rent House on Coast.

The bombing outrage which imperilled so many lives and destroyed one or more of the bomb-throwers, worried Daddy Lorimer considerably. He admitted to us that he was greatly concerned about the safety of his dear ones. He was troubled, also, about some art treasures at home, and he wired the care-taker of the house to make a thorough investigation of the premises.

Chyd, the practical, suggested that we had been made so conspicuously rich by the war that our turn would come and we ought to prepare for the worst—for a funeral in the family instead of her wedding.

Her sarcastic speech worked upon my imagination. We had all wondered why Daddy Lorimer never had been numbered among those threatened. So far as the "propaganda by deed" Daddy never had received a single menacing letter.

My imagination, which is forever

harrassing me with impossibilities as usual informed me in a single flash WHY we were not to have an explosion on our own front door step.

Because we were going to have the wedding, we were spared a funeral! We were to be bound, through Shry-tobel and her vast fortune to the master mind of the red terror! We were protected by the head Bolshevik himself!

I almost cried aloud in my horror! That shame must never befall us! I rushed to Daddy Lorimer with my plan to move to the shore. Our presence there would cork up Certeis and render him futile for a time, perhaps until the long delayed but inevitable moment of his disgrace should arrive.

I interrupted Daddy in the midst of some violent raving about the need of a nation-wide clean-up of Bolsheviki, and more stringent immigration laws.

My interruption gave Mother Lorimer a moment in which to parade her favorite fad. Dear Mother was a teacher—and a very good one—once

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



FOURTH CHARLIE WHITE STORY

Strongest Little Boy Says

His Maw Puts Him to Bed as Soon as It Gets Dark

TOLD BY CHARLIE WHITE

Four Years Old, Best Boy Athlete in America.

In the evening after daddy has had his dinner he takes me downstairs to work on the pulleys. Daddy made me a little pair of pulleys just like my big brother's. Only the weights are not so heavy.

I do all the stunts my brother does while he is working on his pulley. I pull the handles to my chest ten times. Then I turn my back to the wall and bend over as far as I can. I can do this 20 times.

But my daddy does not let me work very hard after dinner. After I have worked with the pulleys a little while he makes me go out into the yard and play for a while and as soon as it gets dark my mom puts me to bed.

Daddy says that little boys and girls would never have the stomachache or any pains if their daddies made them do the stunts that I do and sent them to bed early.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)



Charlie at the Pulleys.

upon a time.

"How few think justly of the thinking few!"

"How many think they think—but never do!" she quoted softly. "It's an abominable rhyme, to be sure, but it's true, nevertheless. We must educate, educate, educate. Mother continued in placid reminiscence. 'I've known them to learn like parrots and pass their examination like geniuses—but they never got the American point of view! The school didn't go far enough, or else it taught the wrong subjects. And those half-educated boys became the most dangerous egotists and revolutionists! We must educate them wholly, not only in American forms but in the true American spirit!'"

"And keep out those who can't, or won't, or don't learn it," Daddy shouted again. Then he turned to me with, "I'll see about that place on the coast today, little girl. I'll fix it." And he hurried to his New York office.

And fix it he did, and at once. In the late afternoon we were whirled out to the shore to look at several houses which Daddy could get—at most exorbitant rent.

Fortunately, the one nearest to the shack on the dunes suited us all. It required some repairs and cleaning and I was glad for this I had a few more days in town to arrange important matters with the Queen of Smiles.

(To Be Continued.)

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

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The young lady across the way says her father's going down to Hot Springs to take the immunity baths.

by G. O. Abbey and J. W. Krebs, and another by Jose Barajas to appear before it and show cause why their certificates of convenience and necessity should not be cancelled for violation of the law and orders of the commission. Chairman Bittles of the commission stated yesterday that the main cause of complaint against the stage lines was overloading cars and failure to carry the amount of insurance required.

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STAGE LINE OWNERS CALLED ON CARPET

The corporation commission yesterday set Thursday, August 14 as the date for inquiring into the conduct of stage lines running between Chandler and Goodyear. The hearing is to be held at Chandler.

The commission has directed the officials of two stage lines, one conducted

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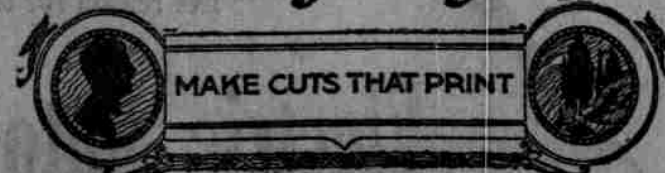
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The Phoenix Savings Bank & Trust Company

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